

## GROVER CLEVELAND

## Plainly States His Position on the Presidential Contest.

In answer to a letter from Gen. Edward S. Bragg, author of "We Love Mr. Cleveland for the enemies he has made," asking the ex-president to announce his candidacy for the presidential nomination, or at least state his position in the premises, Mr. Cleveland writes as follows under a recent date:

"I have thought until now I might continue silent on the subject which, under the high sanction of your position as my fellow-democrat and fellow-citizen, and in your relation as true and trusted friend, you present to me.

In answering your questions, I might only consider my personal desires and my individual ease and comfort, my response would be promptly made, and without the least reservation or diffidence. But if you are right in supposing that the subject is related to a duty I owe to the country and to my party, a condition exists which makes such private and personal considerations entirely irrelevant.

I cannot, however, refrain from declaring to you that my experience in the great office of president of the United States has so impressed me with the solemnity of the trust and its awful responsibilities that I cannot bring myself to regard a candidacy for the place as something to be won by personal style and active self assertion.

I have also an idea that the presidency is preeminently the people's office, and I have been sincere in my constant advocacy of the elective participation in political affairs on the part of all citizens. Consequently, I believe the people should be heard in the choice of their party candidates and that they themselves should make nominations as directly as consistent with open, fair and full party organization and methods.

I speak of these things solely for the purpose of advising you that my conception of the nature of the presidential office and my conviction that the voters of our party should be free in the selection of their candidates, preclude the possibility of my leading and pushing a self-seeking canvass for the presidency that nomination, even if I had a desire to be again a candidate.

Believing that the complete supremacy of democratic principles means increased happiness to our people, I am earnestly anxious for the success of the party I am confident success is still within our reach, but believe this is a time for democratic thoughtfulness and deliberation, not only as to candidates, but concerning party action upon questions of immense interest to the patriotic and intelligent voters of the land, who watch for an assurance of safety as the price of their confidence and support.

Yours truly, GROVER CLEVELAND

## America's Great Corn Field.

In eight States of the Union last year there were grown two-thirds of the corn raised—namely Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky. The total number of bushels were 1,399,022,000. In fact this State's corn patch grew over two-thirds of all the corn produced last year in the entire country, though having a little over half the acreage. Iowa leads with 550,875,000, while Kentucky is at the other end with 82,765,000. If the crop of last year was put in wagon boxes holding 40 bushels, that is a "long ton" of 2,240 pounds per load, you would need almost 25 millions, or exactly 24,975,550 wagons to hold it. All the horses and mules and asses in the United States, young and old, would only supply one shaft animal for each two wagons. Start the wagons off East or West, and give 20 feet and a quarter of one inch roadway for wagon, team and headway enough not to run into each other, and how far do you think the line of teams would reach? The mean diameter of the earth is 7,912 4/10 miles and the average distance around the earth is 24,857 miles. Eight times around the earth is therefore 198,856 miles. Now if you will figure it out you will find that the teams hauling our last year's State corn crop arranged in line as above, would form a row 198,856 miles long, or eight strings of wagons clear around the world!

—Col. A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, says that if Hill is nominated he cannot carry a single Northern State, not even New York.

—B. R. Musgrave has been placed in an Indiana penitentiary to serve ten years. He was convicted at Terre Haute of trying to swindle certain life insurance companies out of \$35,000. His scheme of attempting to show that he had been burned alive was original and came near succeeding.

—When Sheriff Lewis and Deputy Burkhardt attempted to arrest Henry and Frank Brown, in Leslie county, for moonshining, they were received with a volley from a couple of Winchester. Lewis was slightly wounded in the scalp, but the officers returned the fire, fatally wounding Henry and breaking Frank's leg.

## LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Mr. John Kirby has received his commission as U. S. store-keeper in this district and will be assigned to duty this week.

—The new set of horns have arrived and the members of the recently organized brass band are making the lives of those in the neighborhood miserable.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elkin, of Louisville, were here this week to attend the funeral of Mrs. T. A. Elkin. Miss Anna Goodloe has been quite ill for several days.

—We understand that an effort will be made to reorganize the company of State Guards in Lancaster. The boys have new dress uniforms, guns, etc., and we hope they will succeed.

—Sam Dunn, who has been working in Rice Denney's livery stable, died Tuesday and was buried in the Lancaster cemetery. He had a severe spell of pneumonia. Dunn came here from Stanford.

—Mrs. Jones said that she never knew what a good husband she lost until she heard his funeral sermon preached. Jones did not act wisely, he hid his candle under a bushel when his wife was around, as many a good and worthy man has done before him.

—The kitchen to the handsome residence of E. H. Batson, on Lexington avenue, caught fire Monday and it was by the hardest fighting that the building was saved. The furniture and household effects were removed and are badly damaged by the hasty handling.

—The Kentucky Legislature invited Senator Hill, of New York, to pay them a visit and deliver an address upon what subject and for what purpose is unknown, unless it was to assist them in the questionable occupation of killing time. They do not seem to have profited by what they saw and heard of the constitutional convention.

—France in 1890 had 215 torpedo boats, England 199, Germany 180, Italy 165, Russia 152, China 95, Austria 65, Turkey 32, Japan 28, Brazil 16, Chile 10, the United States 2. England has 197 more torpedo boats than the United States, but that should not alarm us, for what we lack in numbers we make up in courage, and pluck is an important element in a fight.

—About one in every ten thousand of the women of this country is able financially to support a sedentary work, and yet the country is threatened with war to protect the seeds in Behring Sea, whose furs are intended to adorn the persons of the rich and which are wholly beyond the reach of the poor. But then, the honor of the country must be upheld, if it leads to financial ruin and to the wanton destruction of the lives of hundreds of thousands of useful citizens.

—Funeral services were held at the residence of Capt. T. A. Elkin, near this place, at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, on the occasion of the death of his wife, Mrs. Anne Timberlake Elkin. An excellent discourse was delivered by Elder J. C. Frank, after which the remains were interred in the cemetery. Mrs. Elkin was universally admired for her modest deportment, amiability and consistent christian life. Her loss is deeply deplored and her family and friends have the least sympathy of the entire community.

—Gen. Green Clay Smith finds time from his clerical duties to write somewhat extensively from the gay and festive capital of the Nation upon the subject of politics. It would be well for the W. C. T. U. to keep an eye on their former candidate for the presidency, for he came within one vote of being nominated on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln away back in the days of the war, and he might under favorable circumstances be induced to accept second place on the democratic ticket this fall. If the general will only come out to Kentucky this spring and cast a line in the classic waters of old Dix river, he will lose all of his taste for politics and be willing to spend the remainder of his days in fishing for sinners and striped bass.

HARRISBURG, TEX.—The growth of Harrisburg, Tenn., in buildings and traffic has been steady and permanent and the increasing demand for lots for business and manufacturing purposes, by parties from a distance desiring to locate, has induced the management to announce another land sale to take place on April 12th, 13th and 14th, 1892. The Queen & Crescent route quotes one fare for the round-trip from all its terminal points and has requested all connections to name same rate for this sale. See that your tickets read via Queen & Crescent Route.

The Queen & Crescent Route will sell tickets at reduced rates on account of the Confederate Veterans' Reunion on April 8th, at New Orleans. For rates and other information call on ticket agent at your station or write D. G. Edwards, G. P. A., Q. & C. Route, Cincinnati.

—Mrs. Margaret Brent, of Paris, has fallen heir to \$100,000 by the death of Benjamin Page, her nephew, who died in a New York insane asylum.

## THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—The Medical department of the Louisville University graduated 192 young doctors this week.

—Judge C. E. Kinnel is now the legislative correspondent of the Covington Post.

—The prohibition law of Rowan has been repealed, so far as the House is concerned.

—Gov. Brown has signed the colored lottery bill and now was he into him who in anywise concerns himself with the outposts.

—The bill fixing the pay of the presiding officers of the House and Senate of the General Assembly at \$10 a day passed the House.

—A bill to repeal local option in Laurel, Rockcastle, Clay and Davie has been reported favorably from committee of religion and morals, and ordered to second reading.

—A burglar entered the room of Representative W. W. Tribble and stole \$50 from his breeches pocket. The colonel gave chase, but did not catch the rascal, and away goes 10 days' hard work.

—Speaker Moore has been "counting and imitating a quorum" after the R. I. method, at Frankfort, but he should remember that the democrats of this country put their feet in an emphatic manner on that system of parliamentary rulings, and beware. He is presiding over a democratic Legislature, in a democratic State.

—Mr. Hays, of Boyle, has introduced a bill to give free choice and free competition on school books to be selected by superintendent and county institutes, and is very much like the Ohio law in this respect. He estimates that \$11,000 per annum on histories alone can be saved and probably \$150,000 per annum on all books.

—Ben Watkins, of the Courier-Journal, and Henry Woodcock, of the Danville Advocate, were in the Senate yesterday morning and asked a friend why that body did not begin business. "They are waiting for a minister to open the session with prayer," was the reply. "Come on, Ben, let's get out of here," said Woodcock, "they might call on one of us," and was about to leave the chamber when he was stopped and required by his friend to remain and attend prayers, on the ground that he and Watkins probably needed praying for.—Frankfort Capital.

## LIBERTY, CASEY COUNTY.

—The affable Dr. Burdett, of Brookhead, is again among us, and at the house of his son-in-law, George A. Previtt.

—Col. Silas Adams arrived from Frankfort Saturday, went to Columbia Sunday and returned this evening in fine spirits. That splendid summer traveler, Lieut. James E. Clifton, of Louisville, arrived at the Wilkinson Hotel this week.

—There is a good deal of sickness and some deaths lately. Mrs. Betsy King, on Brush Creek, died a few days since; Mrs. John C. Brown died last Thursday of pneumonia; Mrs. Elizabeth Bryant died Wednesday of consumption. Mrs. Doc Wetmore and Mrs. Lucy Ann Sharp are now very low, recovery doubtful.

—Well, we had a wedding in the parlor of the Wilkinson Hotel on the 11th. Mr. Harlan Sweeney, of Harlan, was married to Miss Emma, daughter of Squire Charles Treseniter. The ceremony was performed in his unique style by A. J. Gibbons, familiarly known throughout the country as "Dick" Gibbons, who seems to have a monopoly of that kind of business in this section.

—There was a case of false personation before County Clerk George A. Hewitt, the other day. A dilapidated female of 10 personated a lover and obtained license and the intended couple were married in the vicinity. It is strange that there is so much ignorance among the outsiders, running the risk of a trip to Frankfort, when a Grinnell Green affair would be much safer.

—There was an organ agent around here, who, in order to make his own instruments more salable, villified the organs generally in this section. It was on the day between Saturday and Monday that two of our leading citizens, Joe and Duff, got to discussing the merits and virtues of their respective organs, and got their "dander" elevated and fists were used and missiles flew, and there was so much friction that heat was engendered and there was danger of an explosion, but happily relatives and other parties interfered and no serious damage was done, only a lip had to have surgical repairs, and a pane of window glass was demoralized.

—At Barbourville, James and Charles Doran, who shot and killed Moses Gibson, last summer, were acquitted on the grounds of self-defense. The jury in the case of Polk Williams, who shot and killed James Latham, near Corbin, disagreed and was discharged.

—The Madison county republicans instructed for Col. Bradley and G. W. Gentry for delegates from the State-at-large and for C. F. Burnam and D. L. Collier.

## MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Circuit court convened here Monday.

—A 15-inch snow lies on the ground here to-day, Thursday.

—The fruit car will be on the south-bound local freights on Wednesday.

—There have been 67 marriage licenses issued by County Clerk Miller since September last.

—William Pease, who froze to death near here Monday night, leaves a wife and two grown children.

—Mrs. Allen, an aged lady now living at Livingston, while a school girl at Boston ate a small bit of Queen Victoria's wedding cake.

—James Bulew, who has been in jail for some time charged with shooting at Town Marshal Snodgrass, has been released, there being no witness since the death of Snodgrass.

—Twenty five or thirty cases of minor importance have been disposed of during the first three days of court. Owing to the ugly weather many witnesses have been unable to reach town.

—Seven petitions for divorce came up in court this week, none of which went to trial, on account of irregularities in drawing the petitions, or manner in which the evidence was gotten up.

—The Washington correspondent of the Covington Post in a half column special to his paper, speaking of the popularity of our own McCreary, says in looking around for vice-presidential timber no better could be found than Gov. McCreary.

—Last Sunday shortly after the passenger train had started Pleas Baker jumped after his lat, which had fallen. The train stopped at once and after Baker had gotten through rolling, picked him up and carried him to Brookhead, where he soon afterward recovered. No bones broken.

—As mentioned in your Tuesday's issue, Isaac Snodgrass was acquitted at his examining trial Saturday for the killing of his brother Emmett, on March the 5th. The case was called Saturday afternoon before Police Judge J. G. Carter, Judge Blair being detained at home on account of the death of his son. After the examination of probably 40 witnesses and the case argued by G. W. McClure for the Commonwealth and C. C. Williams for the defense, it was submitted to the court, who found the defendant justifiable in what he did. The evidence showed an ugly state of affairs between the brothers had existed for some time, at least so far as the deceased was concerned. It showed that Emmett had been attempting on every occasion to pick a quarrel with Isaac and on the day of their fatal meeting on the highway Emmett fired the first shot.

—Wednesday evening Chris Langford, a colored boy, came to town and reported that he had found a man dead in the snow by the roadside. Upon investigation by a coroner's jury, who were summoned, and repaired to the spot, the body was found to be that of William Pease, who lived near Pine Hill. He left this place Monday evening on horseback in company with James McHargue and two other men and had not been seen until found to-day in a fence corner, covered with snow, two miles east of this place. One of the parties he left town with was saved from freezing by being picked up from the road and carried into a house, but no one knew that Pease had fallen from his horse. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that the man had frozen to death. A jug nearly full of whisky was found near the body.

—Mrs. M. Purvin, of Simpson, Ill., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Marshall Smith, near this place. She had not been here for 25 years. Charley Varnardall was up from Parksville one day this week. Miss May Adams was a guest of Mrs. F. L. Thompson this week. Vick Owens is running as a news "hunch" on the N. & W. road in Virginia. Dr. John M. Williams left Sunday for Philadelphia, where he will enter the Medical University of Pennsylvania. Mr. G. H. Albright and wife, of Barbourville, came down Monday with the intention of visiting relatives in different portions of the county, but the weather was so bad they returned home Wednesday. The remains of George Cress, who was killed by the train at Winchester, Saturday, were interred at Marietta Sunday. Mrs. G. W. McClure and daughter, Bessie, are at Parksville to attend the wedding of Miss Josie Brown, daughter of Dr. W. A. Brown.

—E. Woods has been appointed postmaster at Wildie, Rockcastle county.

—That Henry county lad who hanged himself to escape a whipping promised by a mother—a pledge, by the way, that few mothers fulfill—has probably discovered that he jumped out of a hypothetical frying pan into an apocryphal fire.—Louisville Times.

—At Tiffin, Ohio, Walter Snyder, a clerk in a hardware store, shot Edward L. Naylor, Burton W. Crobaugh and Thomas Downey and then committed suicide. Two of his victims were fellow clerks, who had been taken into partnership, leaving him out in the cold.

## NEW : CASH : STORE

Would call especial attention this week to their new importation of Gents' Boys', Youths' and Children's ready-made

## Clothing.

They are faultless in cut, perfectly made and elegantly trimmed and at fabulously low prices. We have also received 25 doz. Men's extra fine Silk and Satin Teck Crepe de Chine and Four-in-Hand Scarfs in all the new Spring shades, the handsomest line of Ties ever offered in Stanford.

## FOR THE LADIES,

We have opened 50 pieces of Foreign and Domestic Gingham and Outing Cloths, in both the dark and light shades, voiced by every one who has seen them the handsomest ever displayed in the market; and our Silk Warp, all wool and wool filling Henrietta, Bedford Cords, Cheveron Cords and Fancy Colored Henriettas, Scotch Weaves and Camels Hair Suitings in all the new Spring shades are unsurpassed.

We have also opened 50 doz. Ladies' fine quality Swiss ribbed and plain weave Vests, in low neck and sleeveless, and in high neck and long sleeves; a splendid stock of Ladies' Gents' and Children's Hosiery, Ladies' and Gents' Kid Gloves, Gents' and Boys' Neglige and White Shirts, Ladies', Gents' Boys' and Children's Shoes.

Our stock of Table Linens, Towels, Towelings, Napkins, White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, etc., are all complete and are to be sold at the lowest cash prices. We especially invite Cash buyers to come and see us, as we keep no books and we make prices for rich and poor alike.

J. S. HUGHES.

## A. R. PENNY, DRUGGIST AND JEWELER,

During the year 1891 I shall keep constantly on hand a full and complete stock of

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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## SIX : PAGES.

Gov. BRECKNER, who, in his rugged honesty and devotion to principle and duty, is much after the mold of the ex-president, has just returned from Washington, and on being interviewed in Louisville, gave utterance to these noble words, which we most heartily endorse: "My own opinion is that Mr. Cleveland ought to be re-nominated, regardless of the fight in New York. The democracy ought to rise up and say to the warring politicians: 'We will nominate Cleveland and we will elect him in spite of your quarrel.' That is a platform upon which we could go before the country and sweep it from one end to the other. Mr. Cleveland is so strong with the people that the politicians can be ignored. The mere fact that he has been the only democratic administration since the war; that it was honest and able; that it was economical; that it broke up rings and trusts; and that it was his emphatic enunciation of the great democratic principle of tariff reform which set the people to thinking and resulted in the sweeping victory of the last Congressional election, would make it impose our record to pass him by and pick up a comparatively unknown man. We must make the fight on tariff reform. We have shown that we can win on it, and we must not ignore popular sentiment by overlooking the only man we have who has had a chance to put it before the people with the weight of executive utterance." There is nothing of the trimmer or time-server in Gov. Breckner. He is a man and such an one is ought to be sent to the national convention from the State at large. A district delegate's place, for which the Louisville Times suggests him, is too small for a man of his commanding influence and ability.

The Hill hippodrome drew like a circus in its tour of the South. The people came out in vast crowds to see the elephant, or who certainly looks like he will prove each to the democratic party, and listen to his nice little speeches, which were turned so as to catch "em a'cunning and a'wining. Gov. Hill was received with enthusiasm, but he and his managers must not construe this as evidence that the people are willing to swap Cleveland for him. Crowds go to see public men like they go to any other kind of show, to gratify their desire to see them. Harrison's tour of the South resulted in many ovations, but no one claims that the crowds which went to see him, changed democrats to Harrison men. Gov. Hill's speech before the Mississippi Legislature was a carefully and thoughtfully prepared one. It was sound on the tariff, severe in its arraignment of the republican party and an eloquent appeal for democratic unity and a thorough organization of all its forces, but never a time did he define his position on the vexed silver question. It was a grand speech though, which the Legislature complimented in eulogistic resolutions, but it is doubtful if the governor will get paid for his trip and trouble. The Solid South is for Cleveland and purity in politics. Machine politicians and machine methods are distasteful to the honest yeomanry.

The Congressional committee that accompanied the remains of Representative Kendall to their last resting place at West Liberty, Ky., did not have a picnic by any means. The members had to go 30 miles across the mountains from Morehead, with a raging blizzard blinding them and the roads almost impassable. They had to procure gum boots and foot it the most of the way, and when they got back to Washington several were sick and all completely worn out. A few more such jaunts would put a stop to the practice of sending out such committees, which in many cases has been shamefully and scandalously abused.

We knew something was wrong in this office, but we couldn't place it, until a budget of that delightful publication, the Congressional Record, sent by our ever attentive representative, Gov. McCreary, put in its appearance yesterday. It hadn't been coming to this office and there was a certain nameless, but aching void in consequence, that its arrival has dispelled and brought joy and happiness to us all. In the language of ye olden time editor, we place it on our exchange list with pleasure and extend the *best* of brotherly greetings.

A writer in the Kentucky Post from Washington suggests Gov. James B. McCreary for the vice-presidency and pays him a handsome and deserved tribute. The governor is worthy of any office, being capable, reliable and untiring in his duties both to the public and to his constituency. He is one of the ablest and best all around men in Congress and he is as certainly to be called up higher as he lives.

An ideal presidential ticket—Grover Cleveland and Simon Bolivar Buckner.

The executive committee of the Press Association, Col. E. Polk Johnson, of the Frankfort Capital, chairman; H. E. Woolfork, Danville Advocate; Harry McCarty, Jessamine Journal; J. E. Poynter, Shelbyville Sentinel; T. G. Watkins, Courier-Journal, met in Frankfort and fixed May 10 and 11 for the next meeting of the editors. Col. John O. Hodges, of the local committee, says the social programme will include a ball by the mayor, a luncheon at Maj. McDowell's, and a banquet at the Phoenix. The literary programme is as follows: Miss Lida Bell, Georgetown Times—Subject to be chosen by herself; H. W. Brown, Louisville Times—"Beginning in Journalism," Frank Bell, Hopkinsville New Era—"The Country Correspondent," G. R. Washburne, Wine and Spirit Review—"Advertising Agencies," J. R. Maize, Kentucky Homestead—"The Make-up of a Paper, Mechanical and Otherwise," J. M. Richardson, Glasgow Times—"The Exchange Friend," Jos. Altshuler, Courier-Journal—"What the City Daily Wants From its Country Correspondents," Urey Woodson Owensboro Messenger—"Management of a Daily in a Small City." In addition to these, the annual oration will be delivered by Mr. A. Y. Ford and the annual poem will be read by Miss Daisy Fitzhugh, of the Lexington Leader.

We knew it was inevitable, but we did not think it would come so soon. Bro. Sampson, of the Harboursville Herald, doesn't call any names, but the way he goes for his "carpet-bagger" contemporary is a caution. In double leads he says: "Things have developed here of late and circumstances have materialized to such a state of existence that things which should have been known 101 months ago, will soon be laid bare to the public." The people of this vicinity, some of them to their utter surprise, will very soon learn that a wolf in sheep's clothing is in our midst, and a dead human form has some times walked our streets and often ducked our doors. This is no child's play. We know where of we speak and are able to back up and lay bare these statements. As we are not onto the racket we assist with impatience to know what devilish, dark and damning crime the majesty is guilty of.

Mr. A. Y. Ford contrives an interesting article on Kentucky lotteries for Wednesday's Times. At first they built churches, factories, schools, roads, libraries, Masonic lodges, and did much other creditable work before it degenerated into a mere gambling and swindling device. The bill to exterminate them, which has just passed the Legislature, is very sweeping and the indications are that they must go, but the companies do not intend to give up without a struggle and will appeal to the courts to sustain their alleged rights.

AFTER being once sentenced to 21 years for the murder of Wm. Burnett and once given a life sentence, Jos. Dorsey on his third trial at Louisville goes acquit of the terrible crime committed at the hot-carriers' picnic in July, 1880. Hanging is only good for poor folks and negroes in this country. A man with money enough to pay shrewd lawyers to fight the courts and juries through all the devious ways and hair-splitting technicalities, need never feel the halter draw or don the convict's garb.

SPEAKER MOORE has announced his candidacy for district delegate to the National Convention from the 9th, but the Maysville Bulletin says he can't be elected because of his Hill proclivities. The Newport Journal adds: "It is safe to write it down that Kentucky will not send one Hill man to Chicago." The Hill men are not in it in this State. The only way they can get to the convention is by assuming to be for Carlisle, but they will be watched mighty close even then.

BRO. ALGER, who thinks he is running for the republican presidential nomination, is explaining his war record, which has been pronounced anything but good. He is wasting his time and not edifying the people in his effort, and he had as well go to. Benjamin has the cinch on the nomination to succeed himself and will likely get it on the first ballot. At least our jovial friend, Col. William O. Connell Bradley, says so, and he generally knows where he affirms.

The State convention ought to be held in Louisville. Frankfort is out of the question and Lexington is almost as much out of the contest. Even Louisville, with her hotel capacity of five times as much as both, will be hardly able to accommodate the crowd of boys in the trenches, if they come in the large numbers they did to the convention last May.

It couldn't be Speaker Mills, but the Texan is dead sure to be Senator Mills. A poll of the Legislature, which is to meet March 21 to elect a U. S. Senator, shows that 75 members are for him first, last and all the time, more than are for Chilton and Culbertson together.

The Texas Legislature sat down heavily on a resolution to invite Hill to address the body. The Lone Star State gave Cleveland at the last election 146,461 majority over Harrison and she still holds him in fond remembrance and hopes to vote for him again.

## NEWSY NOTES.

—A howling norther in Texas dropped the mercury in one hour from 70 to 31.

—Mrs. J. A. Williams of Harrodsburg, has a guard that will hold 21 gallons.

—The \$25,000 shortage in the Falls City Bank at Louisville has been made good.

—Joe Craig, of Bourbon county, is 7 feet 5 1/2 inches tall, and weighs 324 pounds.

—The Standard Oil Company's trust is about to be dissolved, owing to the hostile legislation in Ohio.

—A child of James Coons, of Clark county, while eating bread got choked and died in 30 minutes.

—The railroads have already fixed the rate to the two National Conventions at one fare for the round-trip.

—Nicholas Logan, of Shelbyville, aged 17, shot and killed Thomas Tolbert, a colored boy, while under the influence of liquor.

—Jim Corbett has covered Sullivan's \$2,500 and the fight for \$10,000 a side and a purse of \$25,000 will be before the Olympic Club, New Orleans, Sept. 7.

—Dr. S. E. Smith, editor of the Truthful Witness, and late candidate on the people's party ticket for lieutenant governor, dropped dead near Frankfort.

—The notorious Foley boys, of Pulaski county, who recently tried to assassinate Frank Martin and John Hardin, of Boyle, have been arrested at Somerset.

—Milt Kendall was given two years and his son Milt was acquitted at Georgetown for the part they took in the tragedy in which two men were killed on the street.

—The post-office building bill, intended ultimately to supply public post office buildings for all presidential offices where the receipts amount to \$5,000 a year, passed the Senate.

—Last week the wife of Christian Caldwell, a colored farmer of Orangeburg county, S. C., gave birth to four babies, all boys. At last accounts three of the boys were alive and doing well.

—Ex-Secretary Thos. F. Bayard has written an open letter to the democrats of the country on the silver question, in which he warns the advocates of free coinage that they are playing with fire.

—The Harboursville Herald notes the death of the wife of Hon. John D. Jarvis, of pulmonary tuberculosis. She was 20 years a member of the Methodist church and is spoken of as an excellent woman.

—The president has pardoned Jordan Owens, of Pulaski county, for violating the internal revenue laws, the offense being a technical one, and also Flavins Peel, of Kentucky, for violating the postal laws.

—Lieut. J. H. Hetherington, of the United States navy, has been found guilty of willful murder by the coroner's jury at Yokohama, for shooting George Fowler Robinson, whom he suspected of being intimate with his wife.

—The statement which has appeared in several papers that the grand jury had indicted the Paris parties who unlawfully detained Editor Moore, is premature. No final action has been taken in the matter.—Georgetown Times.

—While attempting to save the life of John Bright, the wife murderer lynched at Forsythe, Mo., Deputy Sheriff Chas. Williams was shot and killed in the court-room. Nine of the mob have been identified and a posse is in pursuit.

## LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—Senator Ed Parker has returned to his post of duty at Frankfort.

—The snow was seven inches deep Wednesday morning and 10 Thursday.

—W. C. Pittman and "Smiling" Dave Jackson left Monday night for Louisville.

—Since the resignation of Dick Harbin the town has had no marshal and seems to be getting along just about as well as it did have one.

—Common pleas court is in session with a docket a half-mile long. Cols. J. A. Craft and R. E. Bowling are among the only visiting attorneys present.

—The republicans went through the form of holding a cut and dried convention here Monday and instructed for their delegates to the Republican National Convention. Bro. Dyche had a walk-over for district delegate and will get there in the wind up to us you will see.

—It is a considerable pleasure to the writer to read your editorials in favor of Grover Cleveland for president. I am for him first, last and all the time. The county may instruct for Carlisle, but it is decidedly my opinion, laying aside so-called State pride, that three-fourths of the democrats of Laurel county are for Grover all the way through.

—George C. Thompson, who has been confined in jail here since last circuit court awaiting the action of the court of appeals in his case, in which he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, has had his case reversed and will in a few days be a free man again, until next circuit court anyway. There will be no trouble for him to give any amount of bond required.

—The democrats of this county organized a club to be known as the John B. Castleman Democratic Club of Laurel, last Monday, and enrolled over 60 names of prominent democrats from all parts of the county. R. M. Jackson was made president; John Pearl, secretary, and Dr. T. P. Caldwell, treasurer. The object of the club is of course to form a body of workers for the purpose of bringing before the people the object of democracy in a way in which the principles of the party may be more thoroughly understood than at present. Whenever this is done the time will not be far distant when Laurel county will be ranked among the democratic counties of the State.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

A Cream of Tarter Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.

40 Wall Street, New York

FOR RENT.

House and Lot in Crab Orchard.

I offer for rent my house of one story and lot of four acres, corner of Stanford and Depot streets, Crab Orchard. It has a good water, fine garden and is a very desirable place. A. J. EARP.

MRS. I. V. WARD.

Crab Orchard, Ky.

HOTEL AND SALOON

AT KOWLAND

FOR SALE.

I have a fine hotel and saloon for sale. It is a fine building and has a good location. It is a very desirable place for a hotel and saloon. A. J. EARP.

MRS. MARY C. EARP.

Stanford, Ky.

MISS LIECIE BEAZLEY,

Milliner and Dress Maker

Corner Main and 1st Street

STANFORD, - - - KENTUCKY.

Keep on the right track. Don't lose time. I have a fine house, lot and a fine view. I am a very desirable place for a house and lot. A. J. EARP.

A. J. EARP.

Stanford, Ky.

EARP, THE ARTIST.

To have your photographs made. I will have them made for you. I am a very desirable place for a house and lot. A. J. EARP.

A. J. EARP.

Stanford, Ky.

JOHN B. Castleman

A. G. Latham

ROYAL

Insurance Company,

OF LIVERPOOL.

BARBEE &amp; CASTLEMAN

MANAGERS,

Commerce Building, Louisville.

Agents throughout the South.

W. A. TRIBBLE, Local Agent,

STANFORD, KY.

THE VENDOME HOTEL

WALLACE STREET, Paris.

H. R. CAMINITZ, Mgr'r,

BILTONVILLE, Ky.

The most recently rebuilt and refurnished and fully prepared to entertain the wants of the public. A fine SAMPLE ROOM attached.

THE RILEY HOUSE.

F. B. RILEY, Proprietor,

London, - - - Kentucky.

I have moved to my new hotel and am better prepared than ever to accommodate the public. Good Livery attached and every convenience desired. Give me a call.

FRANK RILEY.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I have opened in connection with my Hotel, the

MYERS HOUSE.

First-Class Livery Stable,

And offer the services of it to the public. Brand new vehicles and fresh blooded horses make my stable complete with

The Best in the Country.

Give me a call.

P. W. GREEN, Proprietor

A. B. BURNS, Manager

PORTMAN HOUSE,

STANFORD, KY.,

JOSEPH COFFEY, Pro'r.

This Hotel, renovated and refurnished, is now in my charge and I intend to conduct it so as to not only maintain its high reputation, but to add to it by having the best of friends. Special accommodations for commercial travelers, and fine rooms for the display of samples.

A First-Class Saloon

And BILLIARD and POOL ROOMS attached.

JOSEPH COFFEY.

## HATS.

## NEW : STOCK,

AND

## THE : LATEST : STYLES.

Stiff, Soft and Crushes,

## All Sizes and Shapes.

M'ROBERTS &amp; HIGGINS.

## WANTED.

Five Thousand Ladies &amp; Gentleman from Stanford

And Union County to call on the kind and cheapest line of WALL PAPER ever offered to the people of Central Kentucky

At A. E. GIBBONS', - - - - - DANVILLE, KY.

He can also do all kinds of PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, &amp;c., as low as any wholesale house in the State. Looking to their own work, he will give better advice than an expert. A good point of view, and

Get your Combinations Complete and Save Money.

## JUST RECEIVED,

One of the largest and most complete stocks of Men's, Boys' and

Children's

## CLOTHING,

Ever brought to the East End of the county. Also a large and well

assorted stock of Custom Made and Eastern

## Shoes

For both ladies and gentlemen. Call and examine our stock before

purchasing your Spring Goods.

W. E. PERKINS, Crab Orchard.

.....GO TO.....

A. A. WARREN'S

"Model Grocery" for

N. Y. Seed Potatoes, Red and White

Onion Sets,

Landreth's and Ferry's Garden Seeds in Bulk

and Packages; also Hoes and Rakes.

## JUST RECEIVED.

Large and Fresh Stock of

## GARDEN SEED

Onion Sets, Beans, Peas, &amp;c., in bulk. All kinds of package seeds;

also Hoes, Rakes, Spading Forks, Shovels, Picks, Grub Hoes and

Mattocks.

Collars, Hames, Collar Pads, Trace Chains, Bridles, Halters, &amp;c.

FARRIS &amp; HARDIN.

## SHELF HARDWARE.

Hand Saws,

Key Hole Saws,

Axes, Hatchets,

Hammers,

Braces, Bits,

Drawing Knives,

Spirit Levels,

Planes, Mattocks,

Shovels, Spades,

Forks, Hay Knives,

Trace Chains,

A Nice line Cutlery.

McKINNEY BROS.

## ROBT. FENZEL

DEALER IN

## WATCHES, CLOCKS &amp; JEWELRY

REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

All work warranted. Fine Watches a Specialty.

I will take old gold or silver in exchange for goods



W. P. WALTON.

## SIX : PAGES.

## Seven Scenes in a Woman's Life.

A wee mother is carefully putting her favorite doll to bed. With tender solicitude she carefully removes each dainty garment and fastens on the tiny night gown. Then, with a fond kiss, she hugs her treasure to her and places it in its little cradle. After patting it gently she tiptoes out of the room as the twilight peeps enviously in.

A fair maid stands before her looking glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of innocent love-light! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the glass. How glad she is that she is pretty! She throws a little at a crimp that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door and she has time to add to meet her beloved.

A young wife sits anxiously watching for her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapidly and then grows heavy with disappointment. She will not go indoors, it is so sweet out there. The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul; so she waits and wishes, and the shadow lengthens into darkened night.

A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely as they move to and fro, as if asking why the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from him. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great sweet eyes. He holds tightly to her dress as if to keep her from him.

When at last the eyes are closed she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—he must not be awakened—and comes to put him in his crib. Then she snuggles into her chair and begins to rock again. It is so pleasant to rest in the twilight, and he is so sweet to nurse!

A woman kneels by a fresh grave. The headboard stares coldly at him and seems to say over and over again the words inscribed upon it. "He was her only child and she was a widow." With tearful eyes she bends down lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs so to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past and lose itself in the darkness.

A car-woman sits watching the shadows come—they are friends to her—friends that she welcomes—for they always bring the same song to her, "One Day Nearer Home." And she smiles to them her thanks. She, too, repeats, "One Day Nearer Home." And so life—woman's life—goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her burning heart—till her spirit reaches its home where never a shadow can fall upon it. New Orleans, Penny.

## The First Locomotive Ever Run in America.

It was in 1825, the same year in which Stephenson, with his Rocket, demonstrated the practicability of rapid steam traction on railways. The engine was named the *Stourbridge Lion*. It was made in England and imported by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and designed to draw coal from their mines in Carletonville to the head on their canal in Honesdale, Penn. On its arrival, it was placed on the railway and run from Honesdale to Secoyville, a little over a mile. It was found to be too tall to go under a highway bridge over the track at that place, and was reversed and run back to Honesdale. All parts of the railway above the surface of the ground were built on trestles, and the heavy engine rocked them so much as to endanger safety. For these reasons the locomotive was set off by the side of the track and a board laid built over it. The railway was planked, and horses employed to draw the cars. The engine stood there safe for several years. Soon after 1841 the engine began to be carried off piece by piece, mostly by blacksmiths and machinists; and I am told that only one small piece of the iron is now in existence in its primitive form. If the engine had been kept intact, it would be worth almost its weight in silver for exhibition in Chicago in 1893.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY SCHEM—There is on foot movement in favor of the issue of fractional currency. Business men who conduct a large business by mail are much annoyed by the want of some suitable form of currency. Silver coins are too heavy and bulky for transmission by mail, are far from safe, as any one who handles the letter can ascertain their presence. Postage stamps have come into extensive use for the transmission of small amounts, and this has become, in many cases, a positive annoyance, owing to their accumulation on the hands of merchants. They are also bought at post-offices which, under the law, obtain no credit for selling them. We believe that, from these points of view alone, the reintroduction of "fractional currency" would be an excellent enactment on the part of the government.—Scientific American.

None but the brave deserve the fair, and none but the brave can live with some of them.

## MAB.

## Story of a Love Thrice Offered and Twice Rejected.

(From the Argosy.)



AB, papa wants you. In the study."

I threw down my mallet on the smooth lawn—those were the days of cricket, when tennis was an unknown game—a and looked questioningly, with an anxious glance, at Tom, my brother, who brought this unexpected and unwelcome summons.

"What is the matter, Tom?" I asked. "Did he say why he wanted me?"

"Oh, a lecture of some sort, I suppose," returned Tom with impatient disgust. "You stand on one leg in church last night, or turned in your toes as you came in to tea last?"

Tom was unsympathetic; he thrust his hands deep into his pockets and sauntered away. But to girls, their faces full of commiseration, come from every corner of the lawn toward me. Their portentous faces and wailing tones were comforting, but not inspiring.

"Has papa sent for you, Mabel?"

"Why does he want you?"

"You broke a pot in the conservatory, Mabel, perhaps it's that."

"Poor Mabel! I saw you looking at you at breakfast this morning in a peculiar way. And your color was frightfully ashy."

"Is it straight now?" I asked, looking anxiously from one to another of the sympathetic group.

"Yes; but your dress is torn. Here's a pin; pin it up behind the sash. Oh, and what a green stain there is on your flounce!"

I moved toward the house, followed by many warnings and eager-voiced injunctions.

"Your hair's lovely, Mabel. Can't you smooth it?"

"Your sash has come untied."

"Mabel, your hands are grubby. Remember to keep your hands behind you!"

I entered the house and went through the hall, toward the study. The pleasant, sunny back room, where my step-father studied the numerous faults of his step-family, and the best methods of correction and perfection. I was just seventeen, and, in some respects, young for my years; my heart was beating very fast as I paused at the study door. With two hot little hands I smoothed back my hair; I looked down ruefully at my stained print gown. Then I gently tapped.

"Come in," answered my step-father's smooth, mellow voice; and I meekly entered.

My father was not alone. Mabel Campbell, our distant cousin, my father's ward, sat in a low chair near him. She was a tall, graceful, very gentle girl of twenty; her elbow resting on her knee, her chin upon her hand, she sat looking up at her guardian with a reverential glance. As I entered she blushed, looked doubtfully at me, then doubtfully but very meekly at my step-father, as though awaiting his commands.

"Yes, I will ask you to leave us," he said, smiling at her smiling in a well-pleased way, as he never smiled at us.

She smiled, too, a faint, sweet, shy little smile. She rose from her chair and moved quietly away, softly closing the door behind her. I and my step-father were left alone.

The benign smile with which he had followed Mabel lingered for a minute about his smooth, clean-shaven lips, and during that minute he ignored my presence. Then, in a slow way, he altered his attitude, put his elbows, clad in spotless broadcloth, on the arms of his study chair, let his finger-tips meet, and let his brown eyes rest critically on me.

No doubt I contrasted unfavorably with Mabel. My pink print dress was too short for me; here and there, in patches, the pluck had faded into white; an unsightly green stain disfigured the flounce in front. My hands were sun-browned, and, as the girls had warned me, "grubby." My face was freckled, my fair hair disordered. I was keenly conscious of my defects, and in my humility

"I believe I asked you a question, Mabel," he observed, with an air of almost pious patience.

"Yes, papa."

"I am waiting, my dear, for your answer."

He might wait forever. I was meek in my step-father's presence; I answered him in a small voice; I never dared to contradict him—but in a silent way I could be obstinate. Did he expect me to tell him the secret which was mine, my own, unshared, which even the girls did not guess and never should guess? Had he guessed it? The thought made my heart stand still; I forgot my fear of him and glanced sharply and suspiciously into his round, white face.

"Our young neighbor at the Cedars has been often late of late."

"You mean Ned?" I interrogated, in a careless tone. I had thought I possessed some dramatic talent, but that careless tone cost me a gigantic effort, and, after all, the effort was discernible. I knew I blushed. I grew hot, then cold.

"I mean Edward Barnett—yes. As I observed, he has been often here of late."

"He always comes when he's at home," I exclaimed, hastily. "He always did. He comes because he has nothing else to do. He—he likes to come."

"Certainly. I have no wish to dispute that statement. My dear Mabel, you are blushing—a graceful habit for some complexions; your blushes, my dear, remind one a little too much of the peony. May I conclude, my love, that there is some attachment, some partiality, on your side for Mr. Barnett?"

"We all like him," I replied, doggedly, emphatically, with a sort of eager indifference. "Of course we like him—we are neighbors—and—and we have always known each other."

"Friendship is the very best basis for a yet warmer feeling," replied my step-

father in a satisfied tone. "Mabel, Mr. Barnett called on me last night to ask me to allow him to speak to you concerning—concerning this subject."

"This subject?" I repeated, in a bewildered way.

"He tells me he is in love with you. He wishes to ask you to be his wife."

I think I had forgotten that I was shy and frightened; I had risen from my chair and gone to the window, escaping from that calm, mild, steady glance, that contemplated my rosy cheeks and smiling lips and the happy light that I knew was shining in my eyes.

"To ask me?" I repeated. "Me?—me? Me—to be his wife?"

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"Mabel, if you will be good enough to return to your seat, we can perhaps discuss this question quietly."

"Papa, it is not true! There is some mistake."

"Please sit down, Mabel. Allow me to finish what I was saying."

Like one in a dream I came back to my seat; the ground as I moved surely did not touch my feet. I tried on air. Ned loved me! Ned loved me!—the bees were humming these three little words outside the window; the birds were twittering the same delicious truth from every tree. Ned loved me!—and when had I not loved Ned?

"Did he really say that?—really?—you're not laughing at me?" I questioned, awe of my step-father entirely lost in a stranger feeling.

"You are exciting yourself, Mabel. It is much to be regretted that your poor dear mother's fussy disposition has been inherited by so many of her children! You in particular, Mabel, have a tendency on the slightest provocation to become hysterical."

"I don't think so, papa."

The contradiction was unlooked for; my step-father's brown eyes grew rounder and bigger, their glance of mild surprise and displeasure should have crushed me completely, but I met the glance and smiled back contentedly, unabashed.

"I will confess, my dear, that Mr. Barnett's choice has astonished me. We will not discuss his taste. You are young and possibly will improve. The discipline of married life will no doubt cure many of those foibles which I deplore in you. As Mr. Barnett is twenty-five years of age, old enough to guide

his own actions, I did not feel it to be my duty to save him from what, if I regard the matter impartially, I regret to say that I consider a mistake. He will doubtless repent of his marriage—but that is his own affair. I have won his gratitude by giving my cordial consent to his addressing you. I have promised to sanction the engagement."

For once the smooth, monotonous voice was like sweet music in my ears. I sat and listened, smiling softly—not a smile of amusement, but of happiness. I remember them as clearly as though they passed but yesterday; they belong to the past of twenty years ago. How blue the sky was!—great white clouds slowly crossed it, traveling from the west; there was a quiet sort of murmur of rustling leaves; among the tall white lilies the bees were busy; the last of the hay was being carried in the meadows beyond our garden; all the air was sweet with perfume.

The monotonous voice droned on: "I told Mr. Barnett that I would first address you on the subject. He made some objection to my doing so, but I overruled it. I believe he said that he should come this morning for his answer; I am not sure, but I think he mentioned that he would wish to call on you this morning. My interview with him was somewhat abruptly terminated; a visitor was unfortunately announced when I had had but a few minutes' conversation with him. However, I think I understood that he meant to call this morning. Knowing your impulsive disposition, Mabel, I thought it best to prepare you. I wished you to be perfectly clear about my feelings on the subject. You have my permission to accept him; you have my full approval."

"Thank you, papa." He seemed to expect my thanks; I rendered them mechanically.

"Mr. Barnett, if not a very wealthy man, is not a very poor one. It is as good a marriage as you can expect to make, and I desire that you will accept him. I am not sure what the exact amount of his income is, but—"

If Ned had fifty pounds a year, if he were a blacksmith or a carpenter or— or anything, I would marry him like a shot if he asked me!

"My dear, your English, if graphic, is scarcely classical."

"But I don't want to know what Ned's income is. I don't care a bit!"

My step-father slightly smiled, then slightly sighed.

"I may tell Mr. Barnett, then, that you entertain his proposal?"

"Yes. I love him," I said simply. Some one rapped at the door; the door opened.

"Mr. Barnett," announced the white-aproned, soft-voiced parlor maid; and Ned came in.

His sun-browned face had a ruddier tinge than usual, he was evidently embarrassed, but even in his embarrassment there was a sort of boyish frankness and dignity; he was humorously conscious of being ill-at-ease, and he

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father in a satisfied tone. "Mabel, Mr. Barnett called on me last night to ask me to allow him to speak to you concerning—concerning this subject."

"This subject?" I repeated, in a bewildered way.

"He tells me he is in love with you. He wishes to ask you to be his wife."

I think I had forgotten that I was shy and frightened; I had risen from my chair and gone to the window, escaping from that calm, mild, steady glance, that contemplated my rosy cheeks and smiling lips and the happy light that I knew was shining in my eyes.

"To ask me?" I repeated. "Me?—me? Me—to be his wife?"

"Mabel, if you will be good enough to return to your seat, we can perhaps discuss this question quietly."

"Papa, it is not true! There is some mistake."

"Please sit down, Mabel. Allow me to finish what I was saying."

Like one in a dream I came back to my seat; the ground as I moved surely did not touch my feet. I tried on air. Ned loved me! Ned loved me!—the bees were humming these three little words outside the window; the birds were twittering the same delicious truth from every tree. Ned loved me!—and when had I not loved Ned?

"Did he really say that?—really?—you're not laughing at me?" I questioned, awe of my step-father entirely lost in a stranger feeling.

"You are exciting yourself, Mabel. It is much to be regretted that your poor dear mother's fussy disposition has been inherited by so many of her children! You in particular, Mabel, have a tendency on the slightest provocation to become hysterical."

"I don't think so, papa."

The contradiction was unlooked for; my step-father's brown eyes grew rounder and bigger, their glance of mild surprise and displeasure should have crushed me completely, but I met the glance and smiled back contentedly, unabashed.

"I will confess, my dear, that Mr. Barnett's choice has astonished me. We will not discuss his taste. You are young and possibly will improve. The discipline of married life will no doubt cure many of those foibles which I deplore in you. As Mr. Barnett is twenty-five years of age, old enough to guide

his own actions, I did not feel it to be my duty to save him from what, if I regard the matter impartially, I regret to say that I consider a mistake. He will doubtless repent of his marriage—but that is his own affair. I have won his gratitude by giving my cordial consent to his addressing you. I have promised to sanction the engagement."

For once the smooth, monotonous voice was like sweet music in my ears. I sat and listened, smiling softly—not a smile of amusement, but of happiness. I remember them as clearly as though they passed but yesterday; they belong to the past of twenty years ago. How blue the sky was!—great white clouds slowly crossed it, traveling from the west; there was a quiet sort of murmur of rustling leaves; among the tall white lilies the bees were busy; the last of the hay was being carried in the meadows beyond our garden; all the air was sweet with perfume.

The monotonous voice droned on: "I told Mr. Barnett that I would first address you on the subject. He made some objection to my doing so, but I overruled it. I believe he said that he should come this morning for his answer; I am not sure, but I think he mentioned that he would wish to call on you this morning. My interview with him was somewhat abruptly terminated; a visitor was unfortunately announced when I had had but a few minutes' conversation with him. However, I think I understood that he meant to call this morning. Knowing your impulsive disposition, Mabel, I thought it best to prepare you. I wished you to be perfectly clear about my feelings on the subject. You have my permission to accept him; you have my full approval."

"Thank you, papa." He seemed to expect my thanks; I rendered them mechanically.

"Mr. Barnett, if not a very wealthy man, is not a very poor one. It is as good a marriage as you can expect to make, and I desire that you will accept him. I am not sure what the exact amount of his income is, but—"

If Ned had fifty pounds a year, if he were a blacksmith or a carpenter or— or anything, I would marry him like a shot if he asked me!

"My dear, your English, if graphic, is scarcely classical."

"But I don't want to know what Ned's income is. I don't care a bit!"

My step-father slightly smiled, then slightly sighed.

"I may tell Mr. Barnett, then, that you entertain his proposal?"

"Yes. I love him," I said simply. Some one rapped at the door; the door opened.

"Mr. Barnett," announced the white-aproned, soft-voiced parlor maid; and Ned came in.

His sun-browned face had a ruddier tinge than usual, he was evidently embarrassed, but even in his embarrassment there was a sort



## WILLIAMSBURG, WHITLEY COUNTY.

—An infant of B. F. Phillips died Wednesday of brain trouble.

—An alarm of fire the other night drew a large crowd around the large brick dwelling and store-house of Mrs. A. J. Durl. It did look very much as if the house was on fire, but it was only the soot burning in the chimney. The smoke had settled down until it appeared to envelop the entire top of the building.

—The recent police judge's election will be contested. Mr. Hemphill, who received 101 votes, claims that his opponent, Mr. H. H. Tye, who received 108 votes, got 24 of them illegally. While the election was close and hotly contested, it was as fairly conducted as any election could be, and the contest will only amount to a law suit and trouble, and possibly hard feelings between the friends of the contending parties. Mr. Tye has his commission and will immediately assume the duties of his office.

—Charles Finley attended the commencement of the University of Medicine, Louisville, this week. E. M. Huguely is out in the interest of the Whitley County Fair Association. Mr. Dryden Early, better known as Uncle Dryden, died at his home near Mahan Station last week. Sheriff Moore and County Attorney Perkins were in Corbin last Friday. C. W. Lester went to Pineville last week on legal business. B. F. Rose, circuit clerk, has another daughter at his home. Ben will still have time to make his canvass for re-election, how ever.

—Quite a pleasant social was given at Mr. C. H. Keeton's. The following were present: Misses Theo and Nora Hill, Carrie Myers, Gertrude Lester, Alice and Annie O'Mara, Sidney and Rayna Standfill, Bettie Weesner, Laura Brock, May and Ann Finley and Messrs. Wood, Jones, Brock, Perkins, J. C. and A. B. Mahan, Myers, Gibson, Pennington, Cain, Sharp and Mason. Every one seemed to enjoy the evening to the highest degree. The enjoyments were interrupted by the fire alarm, but the excitement was soon over and the time passed on as pleasantly as ever. Mr. Keeton served refreshments about 8:30, when all were prepared to enjoy, after the exercise of a half-mile run.

—Monday was regular police court day. The docket was light in the morning, but before it closed, about 10 o'clock that night, there was considerable business transacted. Examining trial of Howard Perkins, for libel, was held, and he was discharged. Wm. Stephens was convicted of petit larceny, and given 30 days in jail. Dave Henry and Harve Parker had an examining trial for the robbery of John Jones and were discharged, proving complete alibis, but in doing so had to give away a party that had been in the habit of meeting to gamble in an old house near town. County Attorney Perkins asked that they and their witnesses be held for gaming and 11 of the boys came in and pled guilty to a \$20 fine.

—Sam McCargue, who shot and killed Deputy Sheriff Sadler, at Corbin, about two weeks ago, surrendered himself to Jailer Leford Friday. His examining trial was held before Judge Simson Monday. After hearing the proof, McCargue was remanded to jail without bail. He will be brought out on a writ of habeas corpus and taken before Judge Boyd, when another attempt will be made for bail. There was only one eye witness to the tragedy, W. H. Pfister, who swore that he and Sadler entered the front door of Phil Woods' restaurant; he stepped to notice two little colored children; Sadler walked on to the stove; he heard something; Sadler said, "Now look here Sam," he looked and McCargue was standing in the door between the dining room and the room where they were, and the shot was fired almost immediately, striking Sadler near the lower vest pocket on the left side. McCargue then ran out of the store by him with his gun drawn on him.

**Bucklin's Arnica Salve.**  
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, itches, chaps, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

**A Safe Investment.**  
Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure, a return of your purchase money. In this safe plan you can buy from our advertised drug store a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case when used for any affection of the lungs, or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to the taste, perfectly safe and can always be relied upon. Trial bottles free at A. R. Penny's drug store.

**Merit Wins.**  
We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklin's Arnica Salve and Electric Balm, and have never had a complaint that they were not good. We have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely in their merits. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

**Miles' Nerve and Liver Pill.**  
Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, unequalled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, purest. Fifty doses 25 cents. Samples at A. R. Penny's.

## They Had Heard Him Before.

Mr. Hoste (in a terrified whisper)—Marie, there isn't half enough luncheon for all these people. What on earth am I to do?

Mrs. Hoste—I'll get rid of some of them, dear.

Mr. Hoste (ten minutes later)—You're a trump, Marie! But how did you manage to get so many more?

Mrs. Hoste—I just whispered to them that you had consented to my "hooked in the Cradle of the Deep."—Boston News.

## A Tale of Two.

Pretty Girl—Do you think it would be immodest for a woman to propose during leap-year?

Old Bachelor (recently)—No, indeed; no, indeed. I think it would be eminently sensible.

Pretty Girl—That's just what I told old Mrs. Surface, who admires you so much; but she said you'd be shocked. I'll run and tell her.—N. Y. Weekly.

## An Excellent Reason.

Toughleigh to Dudgeleigh—Why in thunder don't you go around and thump the stuff out of that editor for what he said about you in his paper yesterday?

Dudgeleigh (incisively)—Aw, me boy, how can I even do it, don't you know? I've never been introduced to him.—Detroit Free Press.

## "Of Two Evils"

She (thirty-five in the shade)—You must either marry me or buy me a silk dress; this is leap-year, you know.

He—Must I choose?

She (archly)—You must.

He (resigningly)—Well, what kind of a silk would you prefer?—N. Y. Herald.

## So It Came.

Mr. Billus—Marie, I think you lavish altogether too much time and attention on that poodle.

Mrs. Billus—Poor little fellow! I feel so sorry for him, John! You know, he hasn't any club where he can go and spend three or four hours every evening.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Reasonable Request.

"What can I do to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a Harlem mamma of her five-year-old boy.

"You can let me sit up a little longer," was the youngster's reply.—Texas Siftings.

## Nayther.

Mr. Hogan (after hammering on the door for five minutes)—Is it dead or alive ye are?

Mr. Grogan (within)—Nayther; I'm shlapin'.—Democrat's Magazine.

## An Average.

Jack Spratt took a wife,  
His wife took a husband,  
And so between them both  
They struck a happy mean.

## The Opening Line.

She—You live in bachelor apartments, do you not?

He—Fairly well, but it isn't half such a nice place as this is.—N. Y. Sun.

## A HAPPY PAPER FAMILIAS.

This old man is the husband of a faithful wife and the father of five buxom daughters. Examine him closely and perhaps you will see the entire family also.

**A Trustful Girl.**  
Cora—What! you going to marry Fred Dipple?

Madge—Yes.

Cora—Why, not long ago you said you would not marry him if he were the last man in the world.

Madge—Well, I've kept my word. He isn't.—Judge.

**Where the Profit Came In.**

Mrs. Trotter—How much did you pay for that cigar?

Mr. Trotter—Ten cents, my dear.

Mrs. Trotter—Rather a profitable investment—considering that the cigar itself has about twenty cents.—N. Y. Herald.

## Consolation.

Flora Wall—Oh, dear! there's a spot on the back of my gown. How can I ever go to the dance to-night?

Minnie Hall—It won't be noticed, my dear; if you go early.—Puck.

## Ready for a Change.

Mamma—Dick, you must stop using that slung-shot in the yard. You'll break one of the windows next!

Little Dick—Whose yard shall I go to, mamma?—Good News.

## The Sermon.

Greene—I thought Dr. Thirdly's sermon this morning was a regular philippic. How did you regard it?

White (yawning)—More as a soporific.—N. Y. Herald.

## The Could Use It.

Kitten—Yes, that's a good story. And you tell it capably. It will suit my purpose exactly.

Dryden—Your purpose?

"Yes, I am compiling an encyclopedia of chestnuts."—Chicago Tribune.

## Mamma and Aunt.

Indulgent Aunt (after stuffing little nephew with doughnuts and fruit cake)

—What does your mamma give you between meals?

Little Nephew—Orders not to eat.—Good News.

## WALES' FEATHERS.

How the Badge of England's Oldest Prince Was Adapted.

The popular account of the adoption of the feathers by the eldest sons of the English kings as their own peculiar badge is, Chambers' Journal says, that the black prince, son of Edward III., conquered the original wearer of the crest, John of Luxembourg, king of Bohemia, at the field of Crecy, and ever afterward wore the plumes in commemoration of the battle. "The fate of the king of Bohemia," says Ilme, "was remarkable. He was blind from age; but, being resolved to hazard his person and set an example to others, he ordered the reins of his horse to be tied on each side to two gentlemen of his train; and his dead body and those of his attendants were afterward found among the slain, with their horses standing by them in that situation. It is said that the crest of the king of Bohemia was three ostrich feathers, and his motto 'Ich Dien.' I serve, which the prince of Wales and his successors adopted in memorial of the great victory. The general opinion now is, says the St. James' Gazette, that the badge, so far from being acquired on the battlefield, was adopted by the black prince and his successors as part of the armorial bearings of the various continental families with whom they were connected by descent. There is no contemporary evidence in support of the popular history of the badge, and the earliest writer who refers to it is Camden, whose 'Remains' were published in the time of Elizabeth, more than two centuries after the battle. It is most probable that the badge was introduced into England by Philippa of Hainault, the consort of Edward III. and mother of the black prince. She was descended from the sister of Henry, count of Luxembourg, an ancestor of John of Bohemia, whose connection with the legend is thus accounted for, and John's son, Emperor Charles IV., bore an ostrich as his badge, as did his daughter Anne, the first queen of Richard II. The earliest reference to the ostrich feathers in any English record is in an indenture witnessing the delivery of certain articles of plate belonging to the wardrobe of Queen Philippa. Silver basins and ewers are described, enameled with the arms of France and Hainault quarterly, and particular mention is made of a large dish for the alms of the queen. It was silver-gilt, and enameled on the bottom with a black escutcheon with ostrich feathers. The inference is that, like the arms of Hainault upon other articles of plate, the ostrich feathers in the saddle shield belonged to Queen Philippa, and were borne by her as a badge of her family, or in right of some territory governed by the prince of Wales. Originally, far from being confined to the sole use of the prince of Wales, the feathers were occasionally granted to collateral branches of the royal house. Richard II., who adopted the white hart as his own badge, granted two ostrich feathers to his cousin, Thomas Mowbray, earl-marshal and duke of Norfolk.

## WEAVING RAG CARPETS.

An Old-Fashioned Art That Is Fast Becoming Lost.

Among the lost arts, such as the tempering of bronze, making flexible glass and the manufacture of Tyrian purple, we will soon have to number another—namely, the weaving of rag carpets. To be sure, you can still buy the factory-made article, but that is not the sort that we associate with recollections of an old-fashioned room, with its high-piled bedstead, its washed walls, diamond-paned windows and a claw-footed cheval glass in the corner. In those days the rags were cut and sewed by the fire in the long winter evenings, and often the carpet was woven on the old wooden loom up-garret, but usually the material was sent to the old town weaver, who was as important a personage as either the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker.

The old weaver's shop was a long, narrow room, with a wooden floor where one still works down by the waterside. It is a queer old one-story house, with squares and panels of carpet hung tapestrywise over the front by way of advertisement. The proprietor is a little dried and withered specimen, much bent by stooping over his loom. He came from the low countries in Holland nearly fifty years ago. There he was a flax-weaver by trade, but American machinery threw him out of work years ago, and he has been carpet weaving ever since.

It used to be a good trade, he said to the Star man, but now it is dying out. He still has work enough to keep him, but Americans do not use many rag carpets now; he sells the most to his own countrymen. He works twelve hours a day, winter and summer, and turns out about sixteen yards a day. Weaving costs twenty-five cents per yard, and he furnishes the warp. If he furnishes the rags, too, it costs about twice that. Bags of rags were standing around under the shelves, and in one corner was a pile of balls made from strips of his wife and children's sewed at night.

The loom was the most primitive model known, yet on one but little ruder the Navajos made their famous waterproof blankets, and upon one but little better the Hindoo produces the famous "woven wind" of India. It was really so ancient looking that it was disappointing to find that it was built as late as 1835. The working parts, from much oil and handling, had taken on the rich tints of seasoned meerschaum and the rest was smoke browned to a deep sienna. With the background of dark shadows and the bright warp threads running through the center it made a study worthy of an artist.

There are no longer any apprentices at the trade. No one wants to learn hand-weaving now. The old man said the last pupil he had was during the spinning-wheel craze several years ago. One society girl came down and insisted on learning to weave, but her enthusiasm soon gave out, and since then the old man has had his trade to himself.

## Worth Keeping.

Father of Family—Madam, what does this mean? Our daughter is alone in the parlor with a young man, and it's after eleven o'clock! I shall go right down and kick the fellow out.

Mother (quietly)—She came up about half an hour ago and asked for two pairs of scissors.

"Huh! What in creation did she want them for?"

"She said she was going to help him clip coupons."

"Whew! I'll go right down and lock the doors so he can't get away."—Good News.

## It Was All Right.

Hotel Clerk—Is this thousand dollar bill the smallest thing you have about you?

Departing Guest—I am afraid it is. Clerk (to bell boy)—Here, take this bill out to one of the waiters and ask him to change it.—Life.

## Museum Amenities.

Armless Wonder—Will yer come out ridin' next Sunday with me?

Circassian Beauty (scoffingly)—Naw; wot'da be good—even if yer can drive wid yer feet.—Puck.

## Early History.

Totling—Well, his wife raised Cain.

Dumling—Whose wife?

Totling—Adam's.—Jury.

## "A MAN WITH A PULL"

At a social gathering in Harlem a lady remarked to Col. Mountain Howitzer:

"There is nothing, in my opinion, so terrible as a sudden death by violence."

"If, we military men are so accustomed to that sort of thing that we don't think anything of it," replied Col. Howitzer.—Texas Siftings.

## Perfectly Willing.

Reporter—The Daily Catechall wishes to print your picture in to-morrow's issue. Will you let us have a photograph?

Imported Star—Certainly, Marie, where's that portrait I had taken on my wedding day?

Mame—I'll get it in a moment, madam. It's in your granddaughter's album.—N. Y. Weekly.

## Servants in New York.

Mr. Manhattan Beach—Why, Mary, you didn't have your sashkin sash on yesterday. What is the matter?

Servant Girl—I've sold it.

Mr. Manhattan Beach—Sold it? Good gracious, what caused you to do that?

Servant Girl—Well, they are becoming altogether too common; the missus has just bought herself one.—Texas Siftings.

## George catches On.

"Katie," he said, humbly, "I-I have allowed myself to hope that you regard me as something more than a friend."

"George," she answered softly, with half-averted face, "you—you are away off."

And George understood. He came nearer.—Herald.

## In a Crowded Car.

The car was crowded to the doors.

And children were packed in the throng.

Said one of the women to her son:

"Still the little fellow took them on."

THEY WERE ALL DOWN IN THE FRONT.

Even as he said his words were:

"Please fasten your little fellow on!"

## Land-Seekers.

It will be of interest to those attempting to get in the Northwest, to know that the chief farming and timber lands in Wisconsin are situated in the Wisconsin Central Lines. Services on these lines have all the advantages of best climate, good market facilities, abundance of fuel and building material, pure and sparkling drinking water and other important benefits which can be enjoyed on the prairies of the West. No droughts, no cyclones, no grasshopper plague and no fever and ague. Now is the time to select choice lands at low prices. Wisconsin covers one of the most prosperous States in the Union. Located directly on the Wisconsin Central Lines in this State are the thriving cities of Horsholm, Wausau, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Waupaca, Stevens Point, Marshfield, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, New Richmond and Ashland.

For tickets, time tables, maps and full information apply to T. S. PATTERSON, D. P. A., or to J. A. S. POND, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Messrs. Cape & Shestman, of Alexander, Tex., writes regarding a remarkable cure of rheumatism there as follows: "The wife of Mr. Williams, the postmaster here, had been bed-ridden with rheumatism for several years. She could get nothing to do her any good. We sought her, but she had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which we refer any one to her to verify this statement." See bottles for sale by Dr. M. L. Bourne, Druggist and Optician, Stanford, Ky.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

There is no danger from whooping cough when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given. It liquefies the tough, tenacious mucus and aids in its expectoration. It also lessens the severity and frequency of the paroxysms of coughing and insures a speedy recovery. There is not the least danger in giving it to children or babies, as it contains no injurious substance, see bottles for sale by Dr. M. L. Bourne, Druggist and Optician, Stanford, Ky.

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## The smallest Pill in the World!

**Tut's Tiny Pills.**

are very small, yet possess all the virtues of the larger Pills which have been so popular for thirty years. Their size and sugar-coating commend them for the use of children and persons with weak stomachs. For

**Sick Headache**

they are invaluable as they cause the food to assimilate, nourish the body and pass off naturally without nausea or griping. Both sizes of Tut's Pills are sold by all druggists. Dose small. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

## Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy

which Insures Safety to

Life of Mother and Child.

**"MOTHER'S FRIEND"**

Robs Confinement of its

Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using our bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward, usual in such cases.—Mrs. Annie Clark, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 10th, 1911.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Write for booklet, "How to Use Tut's Pills," and a full description of the medicine. **BRADFORD REGULATOR CO.,** ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## LAND FOR SALE.

Sixty-five Acres of Splendid Land, situated 25 miles from Stanford, on Shelby City turnpike, adjoining Mrs. E. B. Jones. Apply to our at Stanford, Ky. 102 HUGH REID

## FOR SALE.

232 Acres of Splendid Blue-Grass Land.

Desirably located on turnpike road leading from Stanford to Millersburg, Lincoln County, Ky., 6 miles from Stanford, 4 miles from Hustonville, 10 miles from Harrodsburg, 10 miles from Louisville, 10 miles from Nashville, 10 miles from Memphis, 10 miles from St. Louis, 10 miles from Cincinnati, 10 miles from Chicago, 10 miles from New York, 10 miles from Boston, 10 miles from Philadelphia, 10 miles from Washington, 10 miles from Baltimore, 10 miles from New Orleans, 10 miles from San Francisco, 10 miles from Los Angeles, 10 miles from Portland, 10 miles from Seattle, 10 miles from Tacoma, 10 miles from Vancouver, 10 miles from Victoria, 10 miles from San Diego, 10 miles from Los Angeles, 10 miles from San Francisco, 10 miles from Portland, 10 miles from Seattle, 10 miles from Tacoma, 10 miles from Vancouver, 10 miles from Victoria, 10 miles from San Diego, 10 miles from Los Angeles, 10 miles from San Francisco, 10 miles from Portland, 10



MEANS BUSINESS.

ENRICHMENT beautifully and artistically done at A. R. Penny's. Your account is now ready. Please call and settle. A. R. Penny. Buy your books and school supplies of all kinds from A. R. Penny. Have your watch, clock and jewelry repaired at A. R. Penny's. All work warranted. Remember that all silverware, watches, rings, etc., bought at A. R. Penny's will be engraved free of charge.

PERSONAL POINTS.

MR. H. C. FARRIS is detained at home by sickness. HARRY HEIM returned to Pineville, after a couple of months' stay here. MR. JOHN H. KIRBY, of Lancaster, has been appointed government store-keeper. MISS S. P. SALTER, of Lexington, is the guest of her niece, Mrs. M. E. Elkin. MISS STEPHENSON is a grip sufferer and has been confined to her bed for several days. MESSRS. J. H. AND W. D. TERRY left Wednesday to make their home at Hearn, Texas. W. R. McPHERSON left yesterday for Lexington, where he will go into business for the U. S. railroad. MR. J. A. RANNEY and wife, who came here to attend the bedside of his mother, returned yesterday to their home at Golden City, Mo. MR. I. M. KIRBY has secured the services of Mr. James Younger, of Boyle, to take charge of the breeding stable he will soon open. MISS R. L. HALL, who was brought up from Somerset a few days ago by her husband and mother, Mrs. George H. Weaton, is still very ill. She has pneumonia. MR. W. P. WALTON, who has been down with the same disease for six weeks, is slowly improving. MR. HARRY GIBBS, of Lexington, a Lexington front drummer, and Miss Annie Gribbs, of 116 West Street, spent Sunday at Stanford. Harry thinks there is no place like Stanford, Lexington, Trans. cap. We do not know Mr. Gibbs, but we observe that he is a man of good poetry.

CITY AND VICINITY.

NEW LINE of Ziegler shoes just received at S. H. Shunk's. WARREN ABERNETHY, who was shot by William Cookey, has recovered sufficiently to be out. THE merry tumultulation of the sleigh bells filled the ambient atmosphere, yesterday, or words to that effect. WANTED - Eggs at 12 1/2, Butter 25 cents. Hides, tallow and feathers at the highest market prices. B. K. & W. H. WEAREN. FOR RENT - Dwelling with six rooms opposite the College. Good garden attached. Apply to John M. McRoberts, Sr. ST. PATRICK'S DAY was a corker, with the snow so deep that our solitary Irishman didn't even dare to venture on a parade. WE have waited patiently since January 1st for you to settle your account with us. We need the money. Severance & Son. FOR SALE - A cottage and lot containing one acre of ground on Danville street. Clifton at the door. Will sell cheap. P. C. Engelman, Jr. THE snow is five feet deep on Hall's Gap and in many places yesterday the Lancaster stage was in it up to the body. Did anybody ever? THE train men and yesterday that the snow in the mountains was about as deep as here. There has been no trouble yet on the road, but there's bound to be if this keeps on. THE superior court has affirmed the decision of the Lincoln circuit court in the case of J. R. Alford vs. the city of Stanford. He sued for damages by street changes and the court dismissed the case. KEEP in mind that Watts & Higgins are sole agents for Stanford and Rowland of the Falls Branch Jellico Coal Co., miners and shippers of the genuine, original Jellico coal. Read their ad, and call on them. I. F. STARK, dealer in general merchandise at Hustonville, made an assignment Tuesday. Dr. Ed Alcorn is his assignee and his liabilities are \$10,000 and assets \$5,000. The heaviest losers are a number of city firms. THE boys snow balled young Roy Harp clerk for B. F. Jones, Sr., yesterday, and he retaliated by throwing a glass stopper at them, which struck the plate glass in one of A. A. Warren's windows, breaking a hole in it. The glass was valued at \$40. LITTLE MISS MARY BURKE is getting quite a reputation as a fruit raiser. She is now enjoying oranges of her own raising and has a lemon tree well filled with the fruit, nearly ripe. She also has quite a number of tropical trees in her pit and soon she will be independent of the South as far as fruits are concerned.

COLLECTION of accounts a specialty. S. W. Menefee, Stanford.

NORTHERN seed potatoes, onion sets and garden seeds at McKinney Bros.

MONEY TO LOAN - Money in sums of one thousand to six thousand dollars to loan, secured on mortgages on good blue-grass farms. Address INTERIOR JOURNAL office.

"MAN, or THIRTEEN Offered and Twice Rejected," a serial, which begins in this issue and will run through several Friday editions, will be found quite entertaining by those who are fond of story-reading. It is printed on our third page.

MR. C. C. BREWER, the artistic jeweler, has completed a very beautiful souvenir spoon. On the handle the word "Stanford" is beautifully engraved, while in the spoon a perfect picture of the court-house during the shot of a year ago appears.

THE Courier Journal says if the Stanford city council will pass a law against cats similar to the law that makes it a punishable offense for a man to keep a barking or howling dog in the town limits, the stream of immigration would be such as was never heard of before.

THE joint committee to fix the judicial districts have agreed to make this, the 13th, with Mercer, Boyle, Lincoln and Rowland forming it. Casey is put in the 16th with Adair, Russell, Clinton, Monroe and Cumberland. This arrangement would make the 13th reliably democratic and we could hang out the sign without fear. "No republican need apply."

THEIRSTAKING among a number of prominent horsemen here of purchasing a piece of ground near Rowland, the property of Mr. H. J. Frost, and building a race shaped track thereon. The track shape is the popular track now and by carrying out the above it is more than probable that some of the last horses here would make both reputation and money for their owners.

A CERTAIN young gentleman, who has made the last of the present snow by driving a spoon to a spooned sleigh, and taking a number of the young ladies out sleighing, became slightly alarmed at his horses becoming unmanageable while out a few evenings ago, and told his companion, who is not afraid of horses, that she had better jump, for he could not control the unruly beasts. He was a little shocked when the fair damsel remarked: "I expect you had better do the jumping and let me have the reins." It is needless to add that no jumping was done.

MR. E. W. SMITH, who is with his wife at Col. T. P. Hill's, has just completed the Murphy branch of the Richmond and Danville railroad, after 4 1/2 years of hard work. He was engineer and general manager of it, and on the first of March turned it over to the transportation department in complete order and at much less cost than it could have been done under contract. He will go from here to the Chesapeake & Ohio, to take a hand in double tracking it. Mr. Smith is a fine civil engineer and, although young, has made much reputation as a locator and builder of railroads.

THE street car line to Rowland is being agitated again and considerable new stock is being subscribed. Those who have investigated the matter are sure it will prove a paying investment. It can be built and stocked now cheaper than ever before. Iron is very cheap and there are a large number of horse cars on the market that have been superseded by electric cars, which can be bought at a little over half their cost. There will be a meeting on the 24th to organize, when we hope steps will be taken for the immediate construction of the line. It would endow a business here and draw a great deal of trade to our merchants.

THE Dick Cabbage seduction case at Somerset will not do down. It will be remembered that Thomas B. Cabbage was charged with seducing Miss Dick and last summer her father went all the way to Mississippi and brought Cabbage back to face the music. The proof was pretty direct, but for some reason Cabbage was discharged. He has married since and now his honeymoon is rudely broken by a damage suit brought by Miss Dick for \$10,000. And is the purpose of Mr. Dick to have Mr. Cabbage arrested for bastardy when he next shows his face in Somerset, he is between the devil and the deep blue sea, and will in all probability let the damage suit go by default.

WHAT WEATHER! - Monday it began to snow a little after sundown and continuing to fall all night and next day, it was eight inches deep when it stopped, although a great deal of it had melted. Wednesday the sun came out, a thaw commenced and much of the snow was turned into water and slush, but it clouded up again by night and again the snow came fastly but noiselessly down and continued to do so all day yesterday, reaching a depth of some 14 inches. People are prone to say that they never saw such a storm before at the time of year, but others with longer memories remember a heavier fall of snow at corn planting time in April. The present is the heaviest, though, in this locality in more than a dozen years. Yesterday's predictions read: "Threatening and snow. Clearing Friday with freezing temperature. Warmer, fair Saturday."

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

-Corn feeds more of the human race than any other crop except rice.

-Johnson, of Boyle, bought of E. P. Woods, a bunch of 2 year-old cattle at \$10.

-Hensley Bros. sold to John Brackett, of Boyle, 25 ewes, with lambs thrown in, at \$6.50.

-WANTED - To farm on shares 20 or 25 well bred mares. Bred to Belmont Chief 8689 and Sumac. J. P. Crow, McKinney, Ky.

-M. E. Elkin & Co. bought of J. M. Hall a lot of fat cows at \$35 and of William Welsh a lot of fat cows and heifers at \$25 to \$30.

-W. S. Barnes has sold to a California man the royally bred thoroughbred mare Fair Lady, by imported Glenelg, out of Fair, by Viden Athol, for \$12,500 cash in hand.

-In Cincinnati cattle are firm at 4 to 4.40 for best shippers, feeders 3 1/2 to 4.15 and stockers 2 1/2 to 3 1/2; hogs are in fair demand with 4.90 for tops. Sheep are steady at 4 to 6.

-D. M. Bowman, Jr., of the Bellevue Stock Farm, Burgin, offers the services of his magnificent Guardaman and Mambrino Clark 3104. Read his ad on our sixth page and see what rich blood courses through their veins.

-Bud Dolbe has accepted in behalf of Axtell C. W. Williams' challenge to trot Allerton against any stallion in the world for a purse of \$10,000, on the Independence track, provided the entire purse goes to the winner.

-We are not only proud of the number, but character of the stallions advertised in this issue of the EXTENSIVE JOURNAL. There are more than double as many as we ever had before at this time of the year and the season has barely commenced. A perusal of our sixth page will benefit to breeders of this section, who have an unusually strong array to choose from.

-It is getting to be almost astonishing to behold cattle in this section as it is on West. Mr. J. E. Bruce introduced it here and many other farmers have followed his example. Mr. Bruce has a head of cattle that can now be kept in a barn that only about 25 could be kept in before their horns were removed. It is a rather painful operation, but the pain lasts for a very short while and it is far better than having the cattle gored by each other.

CRAB ORCHARD.

-Mr. Will McRoberts was in town Tuesday. He seems to like Crab Orchard. Claims this is his old home and that he has relatives here to visit.

-The ladies of the Christian church will give a lunch party of some description next Thursday night. They have not yet fully decided exactly what style the lunch will be.

-It is useless to make any comments on the snow, but will say it is hard to find items for a paper under the circumstances, as everybody is at home and will, we think, stay there until the snow is gone, as Crab Orchard is minus a sleigh.

-Dr. W. M. Doores has gone to Cincinnati to visit his daughter, Mrs. Livingston. Hon. D. B. Edmiston is at home for a few days. W. W. Penn was in town Wednesday for the purpose of giving Mrs. John Higgins the benefit of cheap rates to Vernon, Texas. She will start Saturday. Mr. Will Halldeman and friend came to C. O. Wednesday. They are the guests of Mr. John Buchanan. Suppose they are on a hunting expedition. Mr. James Fish is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Carpenter, in Stanford. He has been quite feeble all winter and we fear has picked an unseasonable time for his visit.

-Our sales on Saturday last amounted to \$214.20. During the week we purchased 44 cases, or 1,320 dozen eggs. Nearly 600 dozen of this amount were received on Saturday. My competitors spent the day in computing and telling the people what I would lose on eggs. To day they are trying to figure out what I will make on them. I am still paying 12 1/2 cents. H. H. Slaughter.

-Commencing on Friday night, March 25th, D. H. Slaughter will organize a regular dancing academy at his residence in Crab Orchard, which will be continued each Friday night until summer if sufficient encouragement is extended. All ladies will be admitted free of charge and gentlemen will only be charged the nominal sum of 25 cents to assist in paying for the music. This will be a source of great pleasure to the young people and they should endeavor to make it a success.

-William Hale and Miss Celia Adams were married yesterday at Wilson Adams', near Bee Lick.

-The snow storm does not seem to have been general. There are parts of the State that none fell at all.

-Street, snow and ice have probably killed the fruit in Texas and Arkansas. The snow was so deep in Memphis street cars couldn't run.

-The State Senate defeated the measure making two cents a mile the maximum to be charged by the railroads of the State, as it ought to have done.

-Frederick J. Hamilton, a New York newspaper reporter, whose duty called upon him to investigate one of the tenements stricken with typhus fever, has fallen a victim to the dread disease. He was a brave man and died on the field of duty.

# -Special Inducements- TO THE TRADE.

Having purchased at manufacturers' first cost a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Ladies' Fine Shoes,

We will offer them at Prices Beyond Competition. Just opened and placed on sale 50 PIECES OF WHITE GOODS at Bargain Prices; also a Complete line of EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.

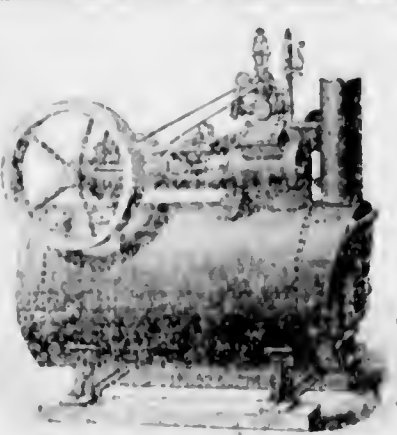
## CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Complete with New Spring Styles, and with our usual Very Low Prices. Remember we can save you money by buying from us. Also the Newest Shapes in Men's and Boys' Hats.

Eggs and Feathers bought at the highest market prices at

## THE + LOUISVILLE + STORE

A. URBANSKY, Proprietor. M. MANES, Manager.



### STEAM ENGINES

#### STEEL BOILERS,

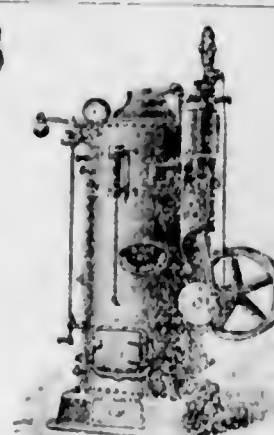
Upright and Horizontal. Stationary, Semi-Portable and Portable. All sizes up to 26-horse power. Unequaled in Safety, Simplicity, Strength and Durability.

Write for Free Illustrated Pamphlet and your wants to

THE JAMES LEFFEL & CO.,

NEW YORK CITY

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Falls Branch Jellico Coal Co.

Miners and shippers of the GENUINE Original Jellico Coal.

Try it. We are the sole agents for Stanford and Rowland. Office corner of Depot street and railroad crossing.

HIGGINS & WATTS.

### TO THE FARMERS.

I am agent for The Central Kentucky Hedge Fence Co., of Lancaster, and offer the services of both myself and the Company to the citizens of Lincoln county. I am very thankful for the liberal patronage received and hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance. Farmers in need of a good fence will find me at the Myers House in Stanford on each County Court day. M. W. JOHNSON.

### Notice of Election.

The City Judge has appointed the following officers to hold an election at the court house on the 1st Saturday in April, 1892, to elect Seven Councilmen and a City Judge for the City of Stanford. Judges, S. S. Myers and S. P. Stage. Stenographer, D. J. Newland. Clerk, J. W. Hayden. By order of the City Council. J. W. HAYDEN, Clerk.

### POSTED.

This notice forewarns hunters, fishermen and others not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Success. C. M. SPOONAMORE, J. E. BRUCE, THOMAS C. BALL, STEELE BAILEY, A. M. FELLAN, D. W. GAINES, JAMES GIVENS, I. S. PHILLIPS.

### DON'T YOU KNOW

JESSE D. WEAREN

Keeps the most the best and largest variety of

Fancy Goods, Fruits, Candies Nuts, Cigars

And 1000 in the city?

### DON'T FORGET

That he also keeps the cheapest stock of

Staple Groceries, And Provisions,

Vegetables, Etc., and that he exchanges all kinds of goods for Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, etc., for which he pays the

Highest Market Prices.

Goods delivered anywhere in the city and his delivery trip made to Rowland



Having removed my Barber Shop to the Commercial Hotel, I am

Prepared to Accommodate Ladies as well as Gentlemen,

In anything they may wish in my line. Call on me.

JESSE THOMPSON,

In Commercial Hotel.

## SEVERANCE & SON,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, Shoes, &c.

Our stock of Men's, Boys' and Ladies' Shoes was

Never More Complete

Than now. We buy them direct from the manufacturers. We can give you a better Shoe for the money than can be found else where.

## The : Newest : Things

In Lace Curtains, Scrims and China Drapery.

Some very choice Patterns in nice Dress Goods; you would do well to examine now and buy early.

See our 16 and 20-button lengths in Kid Gloves; White and Opera Color; all sizes.



W. B. McROBERTS,

Druggist and Jeweler,

Has a Complete Stock of

DRUGS, : BOOKS, : PAINTS,

WALL PAPER,

Jewelry & Silverware.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired

Promptly and in first-class style.

ENGRAVING on all goods sold, free of charge. Old gold and silver taken in exchange.

## The Vulcan Chilled Plows,



The best Chilled Plow made. Extras carried in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. B. K. & W. H. WEAREN.



